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VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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Poetry.

God save the Plough.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

See how the shining share
Maketh earth's bosom fair,
Crowning her brow,—
Bread in its furrow springs,
Health and repose it brings,
Treasures unknown to kings,—
God save the plough.

Look,—to the warrior's blade,
While o'er the tented glade
Late breathes its vow,—
Wrath it unsheathing wakes,
Love at its lightning quakes,
Weeping and woe it makes,—
God save the plough.

Ships o'er the deep may ride,
Storms wreck their banner'd pride,
Waves whelm their prow,—
But the well loaded wain,
Garnering the golden grain,
Gladdeneth the household train,—
God save the plough.

Who are the truly great?—
Minions of pomp and state,
Where the crowd bow?—
Give us hard hands and free,
Culturers of field and tree,
Best friends of liberty,—
God save the plough.

The Last Tear I Shed.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

The last tear I shed, was the warm one that fell
As I kissed thee, dear mother, and bade thee farewell;
When I saw the deep anguish impressed on thy face,
And felt for the last time a mother's embrace,
And heard thy choked accents, impassioned and wild—
"God bless thee, forever! God bless thee, my child!"

I thought of my boyhood—thy kindness to me,
When youngest and dearest, I sat on thy knee—
Of thy love to me, ever so fondly expressed,
As I grew up to manhood [illegible] now blest;
Of [illegible] when right and thy chiding when wrong,
While wayward with passions unyielding and strong;

I thought of thy councils, unheeded or spurned,
As mirth had enlivened, or anger had burned;
And how, when by sickness all helpless I lay,
Thou did'st nurse me and soothe me, by night and by day;
How much I had been both thy sorrow and joy,
And my feelings overflowed, and I wept like a boy.

Years, years, of endurance have vanished, and now
There is pain in my heart, there is care on my brow;
The visions of hope and of fancy are gone,
And cheerless I travel life's pathway alone;
Alone, aye alone! though some kind ones there be,
There are none here to love me, to love me like thee.

My mother, dear mother, cold-hearted they deem
Thy offspring, but oh! I am not what I seem;
Though calmly and tearless, all changes I bear,
Could they look in my bosom, the feeling is there!
And now, sad and lonely, as memory recalls
Thy blessing at parting, again the tear falls.

Miscellaneous.

A TEXT FROM THE STREETS.

A TALE OF 1846.

BY ARNHELTD WEAVER.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side; but a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and set him on his own beast, and took care of him.—[Parable of Christ.

Another year was born. The old year had died hard—had fought and struggled with its latest breath, going to its stern account as reluctantly as a human misdoer. It departed with the blessings of many and the ban of many. But those who blessed it hailed its successor every whit as readily as those who banned it. The chimes pealed from hundreds of steeples; and thousands of people—some with glass in hand nodding to their fellows—some raising themselves on their bed of down and listening to catch the sound of the swinging bells—some roused by the peal, and huddling closer to each other on their straw—some in mansions—some in cellars—some in their only home, the streets. The words will bear repetition. Only let us reflect on them and we shall discover how fearful they are. And contemplating the picture they present, does not humanity bow its face to the hem of its garment, and gather up its folds to hide its emotions? 1846! so many years ago—and yet in Christendom's most enlightened country, (so it boasts itself,) there is a population whose only home is the streets. Oh, divine Friend! how have we wronged thee! how have we misinterpreted thy mission and thy words of love!

Perhaps of all the wretches that wandered in the streets, and heard the bells break forth their peal of jubilee, there was none more deserving of commisseration than a poor boy, who with blistered feet, dragged himself slowly down Holborn hill, and pausing when he came in sight of the glomy walls of Newgate, burst into tears, evincing the most unequivocal signs of heart-wrung agony. There he stood at the corner of the Old Bailey, gazing on those stern, massive, walls, which men should no longer pass without blushing for the ignorance of their fathers, who preferred to rear prisons in the place of schools; choosing to deface God's image, and transform its earthly tenement into the lurking haunt of demon guests, instead of building it up a fit tabernacle for angels. There he stood, the thing that his fellow beings had trampled on from his cradle-days—the thing which they had made him—a vagrant in the streets—yet with nature pleading in the yearnings of his heart and the rivulets of its eyes for a better destiny. He had never been taught to pray—had never heard the name of God pronounced, save as a handle to some drunken oath. No one, with christian pity for his wretched condition, had taken him by the hand and led him to the Sunday school. Ignorant as the beasts that perish, and more neglected—for the beasts are profitable to their owners—he had reached his present age of fifteen years, a weed growing in the garden of humanity—an excrescence upon the body politic. He had never, as we have said, been taught to pray—had never heard of God—of the human soul—knew neither hope of heaven nor fear of hell—and yet, strange circumstance! he did pray as he gazed on the walls of Newgate. He *did* pray—not in words—not in gesture. No clasped hands did he raise—no supplicating action did he use. But he *did* pray with the yearning with which his heart seemed to quit his body, and vault upward into boundless space, to fetch help from where the bright stars shine on serene nights in glory everlasting, to free his brother from the crime-engendering cells of Newgate. In all the wide world he had no relation, no friend but this brother, pent up in a cell of that great blot upon England's too besmired escutcheon. Abandoned by their parents—vagrants like themselves—in their earliest [illegible] they had festered together in the streets, the growth of our rotten social compact. They could not be other than they were. From untaught, unsought outcasts, they must, by a fatal mistake, defying the distracted jargon of rubicund sophists to refute, become thieves. Sysphus might sooner have stayed his stone, than these have been arrested in their course of guilt. And heavy is the responsibility of those who rule and legislate, and make no provisions for such orphans of the State.

Separated from his only friend, the boy had no one with whom to exchange a word, wherewith to ease his overburdened heart. From the hidden springs of his better nature—the angel that, veiled to the world, still pleaded for him with the orphan's God—there gushed forth such an intensity of sorrow, such a deep oppressive sense of his loneliness, that the very stones, more easily touched than senators' hearts, might have grown softer at that sight and sound of woe.

St. Sepulchre's church, a temple erected for the purpose of christian worship—whose clock strikes the hour at which the hangman, in bold defiance of Christ, ties his dexterous knot and strangles a fellow sinner beneath the insulted skies—sent forth from its steeple a merry peal of bells, welcoming the infant year; the boy turned upward to the belfry his streaming eyes, with a glance that chid the sonorous metal for its mirth, and slowly continuing his progress passing along the Old Bailey, and stood presently upon the pavement of Ludgate hill.

"Come, young thief," cried a surly policeman, "tramp off, no loitering on my beat."

The boy eyed doggedly the guardian of the night—thrust his hands into his pockets—made a feint of whistling, and dragged himself onward to Blackfriar's Bridge.

Few persons were abroad: here and there some drunken roysterer stumbled through the streets. Occasionally, one man paused to exchange the new year's greetings with another; and somehow it happened there were fewer dark passions abroad, fewer evil reflections courting the midnight solitude, than upon any other night in the year.

The boy staggered forward. He was on the bridge. Down in the deep water shone the glare of numerous lights, and bulky creatures loomed through the partial gloom, like living monsters indescribable in form, undefinable even in outline. These, in the daylight, would have been barges—floating planks—some sort of craft at rest; but in the murky indistinctness that prevailed, leviathan shades they seemed, lying as upon the threshold of creation ere light was first summoned to chase away the primal darkness.

The boy staggered onward.

At the foot of the bridge on the Surrey side he encountered a girl, who, like himself, was houseless and friendless. He saw that she was intoxicated before she addressed him.—She was about twenty years of age and might have rivaled in beauty the proudest belle of England, but for the life she had led, which had imprinted its defacing mark upon her features. She was handsome still, even in her rags, and dirt, and drunkenness. Seizing the boy by the collar, she asked him "what food he had tasted since the wind howled on the previous night."

He answered, and truly, "None."

"I have," she cried exultingly. "I 'ticed a child down a turnin', and stole a bit o' bread an' butter he was eatin'. Oh, it was *so* good!"

"S' help me—" the boy exclaimed. "I've only had a bit of orange peel that I picked up this morning."

"I think I see you at the beak's office in Mobbro' (Marlborough) street 'tother day, didn't I?" said the girl, "when that young bloke was sent to the jug for prigging the cully's wipe."

"Yes," replied the boy, "he wur my brother."

"Wur he now? Was it his first visit to the beak's?"

"No, he's been had up three times afore—but he got off once."

"He'll go over the herring-pond, this time, any how."

"I knows he will,"—and the boy burst afresh into tears.

"Hang it, don't cry," exclaimed the girl; "I had a sister lagged for a fourteen stretch (transported for fourteen years) and I never handled the pump, (shed tears) though I went to 'Oolidge to see her the day before she sailed."

The boy was suddenly overcome with faintness. If his companion had not caught and supported him he would have fallen down in a swoon as genuine as was ever witnessed at Almack's. The girl became terrified as she saw by the light of a neighboring lamp how pale his face had grown. Pale, indeed! for deprivation of every kind had reduced him to a skeleton, and the blood that flows so tenderly through aristocratical veins scarcely circulated.

There came by, while the girl thus supported the swooning boy, an individual dressed completely in black, save the white kerchief that embraced his neck. He wore no shirt collar. He walked erect with his glance directed upwards as if he sought commune with the clouds, for the stars did not appear that night. So perseveringly did he direct his gaze towards the firmament, that he would have passed, undoubtedly have passed, and, of course, unconsciously, the Magdalen, supporting with her enfeebled arms the boy fainting, perhaps dying, through the world's neglect, had not a gust of wind sweeping over the bridge carried with it the hat of the upward-gazing man, and thus reduced him to the instant necessity of bringing his eyes and his whole attention to the humble earth which he was treading.

Something the man uttered sounding to the girl's ear like an oath—perhaps she was mistaken—as he pounced upon and pinned the flying hat to the pavement with the ferule of his umbrella.

"Oh, Sir," she cried, sobered by her situation, "pray help me."

"Ha!" exclaimed the individual, fixing his hat upon his head; "sinners so near me?"

"'Tis a poor boy, sir. He has eaten nothing—nothing sir, all the day, and he is ill." The girl it will be remarked, had ceased to quote from her vocabulary of slang. The person addressed,—this man, who, with heaven directed eyes, had lost and regained his hat in the manner just narrated—fixed a scutinizing and frowning gaze upon the girl, whose strength was growing unequal to her burden.

"You? what are you?" he demanded.

"I—sir?" answered the girl, blushing.

"Yes—you!"

"I am a poor girl, sir—I have no home. I am afraid the boy here is dying."

And with the utmost exertion she contrived to shift the weight of the reclining body, and gained a momentary ease by the change.

"He is in want, is he?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, he is very much in want, sir."

"Then I will give him this. It will be of service to him. Who knows," said he, raising his eyes once more aloft, "but what the gift will be sanctified."

He drew forth from his pocket a tract. Pressing it into the girl's hand, he strode onward, and soon renewed his familiar intercourse with the cloudy skies. his steps had scarcely died away, and the disheartened girl with tears streaming down her cheeks, had just laid her burden on the pavement, for she could not longer support it, when a cab crossed the bridge. Its fare was a comic actor, well known to the visitors at the ——theatre. Having finished his professional avocations, he was hurrying to celebrate the new year's nativity with a party of friends at Kensington.

The commedian, attracted by the scene then passing on the pavement of the bridge, pulled the check string, and allighted without assistance. Gazing at the prostrate and senseless boy—gazing at the girl—he comprehended the whole, and ordered the driver also to dismount.

"Help me in with him," he said to the man; "knock up the first red lamp we reach—or d—n it no, he doesn't want a doctor. Poor lad, *he wants to be placed* on the free list of a cook's shop. Help me in with him and drive like Old Nick."

The fellow complied; judging that his singular fare would not omit an extra sixpence or so, it being New Year's morning, when the goal was reached..

"Go it like bricks, d'ye hear?" cried the comic actor, when the poor lad was stowed in a recumbent position upon one of the seats.

"Aye, aye," shouted the driver, "that I will."

"Treat him well, sir, for God's sake," petitioned the girl.

"Oh I had forgotten you; jump in, my girl and you can tell me all about it as we go along."

The driver was as good as his word; past the Obelisk, past the Elephant and Castle, whisk through Kensington Gate; catch the toll, you long legged lurcher; missed it, have you? there it lies on the ground, then; and here we are in the Vauxhall Road.

Good fellows these, that keep the supper waiting at the risk of sending the cook to a Lunatic Asylum the next day, while they attend to the poor boy, who from the hour of his birth up to that precise time had never (on our credit as chroniclers) known what it was to call forth mere words, let alone wholesale acts, of *sympathy*, as on the present occasion. Sympathy! a clout, a kick, a name of scorn, threats of the gaol and treadmill, had been his welcome from society, and hunger so ravenous that it brought the glare of the wolf's eye into his human eyes, had [illegible] he hunted the gutter for his food. "It is a doctrine entertained by theologians that the mere act of wandering, without anything else, carries with it a vehement suspicion of capital crime," says George Borrow, in his "Gipsies in Spain," quoting a Spanish Doctor. By certain theologians also in England, if we may judge from their conduct, and by too many of the rich among the laity.

The cook could endure it no longer; the pheasants were removed from the spit, and despatched up stairs: come what might of it she did not care, she would sooner lose her place than suffer the birds to stay another turn at the fire. But her master and his friends did not repair to the table, in spite of repeated summonses. The boy, restored by generous cordials, and by more generous food was telling them his story. And a sight it was to behold these men,—and be assured Visitants that they were not aware of did behold them—listeners to the touching narative.

Our tale draws to its close. A call-boy's place at the theatre on a rising salary of nine shillings a week, with a certainty of earning some additional five or six as errand lad to the company, was promised our hero. And what touched him more at the time, the guests (actors all of them,) joined their host in a subscription wherewith to fee a counsellor to defend his incarcerated brother at the next sessions, thus giving him a chance of escape, of reformation, and an honest livelihood. The poor boy's ragged clothes were doffed on the spot, and his limbs were invested in a suit that had belonged to the host's eldest son, a previous ceremony in the performance of which hot water and soap were greatly in request, having been enjoined and complied with. Supper did not wait all this time, the cook was molified when word was sent her that the viands were worthy of the occasion; and her heart expanded under the influence of port wine, and the leg and wing of a capon.

And thus, ere the New year was yet two hours old; though young as it was, it was already pregnant with great hopes, and was in fact, almost articulate in promises, to those who, disappointed in the Past, still looked forward with unabated expectation to the Future; at this early period of its existence, it had become a real benefactor. The vagrant boy had found friends, had tasted kindness. He was to be a vagrant no longer; eighteen hundred and forty-six had done this. Danger sayest thou? these Samaritans, outcasts themselves, according to the Bible-creed of bigots considered none. Cherishing faith in humanity, which no ingratitude they had experienced had sufficed to trample out; for they were not as some of our faint-hearted philanthropists who suffer the first disappointment to chill their sympathies; they were willing to accept the boy's gratitude as a sufficient pledge for his future integrity.

But the girl?

They did not forget her either; but she declined, not unthankfully, their good offices. She was not fitted for a servant, she said. It was too late now, she maintained, to withdraw her from her old haunts, and her old companions. She had a lingering affection for them, notwithstanding all the ill that had been born to her of the association. They had entered into her being, and become the memories that could not be rudely torn, or lightlier charmed away. Evil as they were, better, she falsely reasoned,—but what moralist had ever been her teacher?—to have her heart filled with them, than for that heart to become a place of tombs. Pity her hugely,—blame her gently, sparingly.

Thus, after having satisfied her hunger, and accepted a few shillings that were offered her, she went forth into the street, and into the dull, dark morning.

From the Manchester Democrat.

The Ten Hour System.

Thusday evening, week, a stranger in the city asked of a 'factory girl' the cause of such commotion, and those torch lights on the common. The reply was in substance as follows:

"I am glad to inform you that we have a Labor Reform Association here, composed, in part, of us 'factory girls.' The male members are mechanics, honorable and industrious, who mean to try for a reduction in the hours of labor, which you and every one must know is needed. At the last meeting of our Association, it was a unanimous vote that a part of the money in the treasury should be appropriated to pay leturers favoring our cause, and that the City Hall should be engaged, (not thinking we should be denied, as it is invariably let for everything that comes along, even the 'Man-eater,') and our purpose was to hear the Rights of Labor discussed. Our Secretary applied to the Mayor, Deacon Brown, for the use of the Hall. "For [illegible] a Labor Reform meeting." "Well, he would see about it, and he should know if he would call in the evening."

Mr. Cushing, with others in city authority were consulted. The result and answer was, I have laid your petition before the committee, and you can't have it."

Does this look like a republican form of Government? It seems to me like a monarchical government. Here, sir, please accept of this 'Circular to the Citizens and Operatives of Manchester,' and you will get more information than I am able to give you.

"Well, Miss, by your account, I am inclined to think you have been wronged by the City Government in denying the use of the Hall. I am sorry for your disappointment, especially, on the part of the Factory Girls, who seem to be taking a conspicuous part in promoting Labor Reform and contending for a reduction in the hours of Labor, so they may have time for mental cultivation. I hope you will get the Ten Hour System; you do yourselves honor by contending for your rights and all men who contend for you, honor themselves and their country. You have my best wishes, and may God bless you,"

Thus ended the colloquy between a Factory Girl and a Reverend Stranger.

We think the treatment our cause has received from the City authorities deserves resolutions of censure and indignation from us Factory girls, as well as from the citizens petitioning.

Truth is our watch word, and *Justice* our motto, and we must be allowed to say, we hope the latter will be observed by the City authorities. We cannot but think the Deacon will repent and "so all things will be well" for time to come.

Editors who still persist in saying "all manner of evil against us" and our movements "must keep truth on their side," and have *Charity* for Labor Reformers who denounce sometimes, but less perhaps, than lecturers in Electioneering campaignes.

I see something in the American which seems to me to be "Disgusting Billingsgate." —viz: "Many in the State are as sick of Jared W. Williams, as a candidate for Governor, as ever a Thompsonian patient was of having swallowed a porringer of "Lobelia Tea." "Cannot speak of him without such contortions of countenance, frightful writhings, which are dreadful to behold." We think Joseph did not hardly do Justice by his remarks on Labor Reform. We think the "unknown man speaking from the gate top" must have said some true things about "money power, corporation influences and oppressed operatives." Was he too tired to take notes or remember what he said about them?—There has been misrepresentation by our op-

posers in regard to our Convention at Nashua, which I feel glad has been contradicted. I was there during the sitting of the Convention and can say there was a oneness of sentiment as to the principle for which our Convention was held, and an entire harmony of feeling among its friends which gave the convention a character for strength seldom equalled among any body met to discuss matters of such great importance and of so exciting a nature.

We shall still strive for the Ten Hour System, and we feel grateful to every one who lends a hand in ameliorating our condition, and may this be the last time we may have occasion to speak of injustice from the officers of the first City in the Granite State.

A Factory Girl.

From the Young America.

The Election.

The Anti-Renters have carried the State, having elected, I believe, every candidate they nominated, Governor, Lieut. Governor, Canal Commissioners, Congressmen, a Senator, and at least ten Members of Assembly.—Mr. Young is elected by about ten thousand majority, all Anti-Rent votes. Although I opposed the nomination of Mr. Young in the convention, without requiring a pledge, it would take an onion to make me cry about the result. How many of the Anti-Renters elected are National Reformers, and what the Anti-Renters have gained by electing any who are not, time alone can tell. There is no doubt that a large proportion of Anti-Rent National Reformers (not pledged) voted for Mr. Young, believing that he would liberate the Anti-Rent prisoners, but if Silas Wright is wise he will save Mr. Young that trouble.

The Anti-Renters, it will be recollected, took the Whig candidate for Governor, the Democratic candidate for Lt. Governor, and a Canal Commissioner from each party, all of whom are elected. The death-knell of Feudalism is sounded! No longer will a few aristocrats be enabled to live without labor by collecting rents from land they never tilled, and though the Freeholder clique may for a time throw obstacles in the way, while the farmers are throwing off their shackles, the measure of Land Limitation will ultimately be adopted to prevent any future Patrooneries.

In this city the democrats have elected all their candidates except one member of Assembly and one Congressman.

The National Reform vote has probably fallen a little below our vote of last spring, in consequence of the rain and the adoption of the land resolutions at Tammany Hall, but two of our candidates are elected, and the re- [illegible] by the returns of the election in time for to-day's paper, and do not think it worth while to give them incomplete.

Mr. Phenix, the Whig candidate for Congress, lost his election by not giving (as he was inclined to do) the necessary pledge to the National Reformers. A letter like that of Mr. McGowan would have elected him.

The Native vote has been reduced below 4000.

The New Constitution is adopted, although there was a large vote against it in this city. Negro suffrage is denied! I have much to say in regard to this election next week.

The Future Age.—I closed my eyes on the dark past, and, lo! a beautiful vision of the future opened to my imagination,—the nations of the earth had ceased hostilities,—the flag of the warrior was furled, and laid in the dust,—and all the trophies and monuments of war were buried out of human sight; all was concord and amity. The green earth rejoiced in a softer sunlight, and all nature was in jubilee. Religion, with a radiant brow, and aspect of heavenly benignity, sat among the children of men. She called unto her Science and Liberty, and said:—"Behold! these are my sisters!" At that moment, the rainbow bent its arch over the scene, and the nations bowed in silent submission.—[Truth Seeker Magazine.

An exchange paper, describing a smile which one man gave to another as thanks for a favor received, says, "It was such a smile as one might suppose would result from screwing an inch augur through the spine of a man's back."

Tit for Tat.—The *Journal de Liege* contains the following advertisement:—"A. P. captain of infantry, having announced in the journal of the 8th that he will not acknowledge or pay any debt contracted by his wife, she thinks it right, in her turn, to inform the public that she will not pay any debt contracted by her husband, and that her pecuniary resources enable her to pay her own debts much better than her husband can pay his."

Count Sternberg, a celebrated German geologist, has ordered in his last will, that his body shall be enclosed in the hollowed-out trunk of one of those gigantic antediluvian palm trees, which have assumed the hardness of the most compact sandstone.

The names given to the Queen of Portugal's youngest infant are Don Fernando Maria Luiz Miguel Raphael Gabriel Francisco de Assiz Gonzaga Antonio Appolinaria de Braganzate Bourbon Saxe Cobourg Gotha.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR!

The Rights of Man to himself, to a permanent home on the earth, to the choice of industrial pursuits, of light for himself, the hours of toil to an equivalent for what he produces, to the best opportunities for education, and to freedom in every thing.

LOWELL, NOVEMBER 13, 1846.

The Industrial Reform Pledge.

"We whose names are annexed, desirous of restoring to man his Natural Right to Land, do solemnly agree that we will not vote for any man for the Presidency or Congress who will not pledge himself in writing to use all the influence of his station, if elected, to prevent all further traffic in the Public Lands of the States and of the United States, and to cause them to be laid out in farms and lots for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers; or for any man for the Governorship or the Legislature who will not so pledge himself to the Freeholders of the Public Lands, to a limitation of the quantity of land to be obtained by any individual hereafter in this State, to the exemption of the Homestead from any future debt or mortgage, and to a limitation to ten of the hours of daily labor on public works or in establishments chartered by law."

The Election.

The contest is over, and a more mongrel, conformatory, conscience-elastic, set of voters than Massachusetts contains, we do not know where to look for. They have swallowed Texas, the Mexican war, and the whole of *Cottondom* with all their abominations, without a single shudder. The Whigs of Massachusetts talking of their abhorrence of Slavery and the present war, and then walk up to the Ballot Box and sanction the same by voting men into office whose official influence has been used to sustain and perpetuate them! Shame! Shame. Well may the minions of Slavery—the extenders of the "area of freedom," exult over such a result in palliation of their shameful outrages upon humanity. We did hope for better things from the more honest portion of all parties, but we fear they are chained to their tool party, swayed by love of popular favor or by fear of pecuniary loss. The *Cotton lords* of Massachusetts are determined to have a Tariff, though they base it upon all the abominations that curse the Nation; and if it is to come, the sooner the better. Let the working people of this country try the bitter experiment, if they will not be convinced without, of building up an industrial feudalism to grind them to the dust. But so long as our voice has a word to say in the matter, it shall be in condemnation.

By the returns it appears that Briggs is elected by about 7,000 majority. The Liberty vote we are happy to say shows a healthy and permanent increase.

The Whigs have elected members of Congress in all the Districts but the second, fourth and ninth. Mr. Knapp, the Liberty candidate in the third District, run well, and had the Abbott the *non-committal automaton* Whig candidate would have been defeated.

So far as heard from, the Whigs have elected 170 members of the House, Democrats, 29, Liberty Party 3, doubtful 1.

All Senators elected are Whigs. Middlesex county has failed to elect; therefore Mr. Buckingham's "velvet cushion" is doubtful.

The City Election.—Whig, as usual. By extraordinary effort Schouler is elected. After pledging and narrowing himself down (if possible) to just nothing at all, he has squeezed into the House. Last year he was a great enemy to a new Rail Road from Lowell to Boston. This year, so rapacious has he become for office, he swallowed Rail Road, Police Court, and various other *great reforms*, and suffered himself to be run on *three* different tickets, although a great stickler for "the regular ticket."

Six members only are elected to the House. Messrs. Holton, Lawton and Trip were defeated.

The Courier man says he "feels more proud of Lowell" than he did last year when he was defeated, and talks about the "clamor of her work shops having gone out," and her "mechanics having spoken." The clamor of her corporations, and her Agents and political tadpoles have spoken, and all the mechanics have to do, is to say "even so Lord." "Great blood," this Schouler.

Letter from Hon. Amos Abbott.—This gentleman in answer to the circular of some wags, self-styled reformers, who use and abuse a Yankee's privilege of boring every candidate and office holder from a hog-reeve to a hidalgo, has written a letter two inches and a half long. Socrates, to whom the billions Mr. Buckingham compares Mr. Abbott, could not have dispeopled of these romantic reformers in a shorter space. [Lowell Advertiser.

"Wags! Romantic Reformers!" Really, Mr Advertiser, it is highly amusing to see these same visionary romantic reformers, after a long day's work is over, assemble together and declare that workingmen and women should have time to cultivate their mental powers—that *man* should be superior to money!—that the products of labor should be controled by the laborers, instead of capitalists, and that the people should employ equal opportunities, for acquiring wealth and education. Shocking!

What will this world come to, if these "*Wags*" continue their "romantic reforms" much longer? Our "glorious institutions" will be ruined, and our *republican* system of political humbuggery, cease to bless the country! O, modern Democracy save us from such a *heart-sickening* calamity!

Mr. Editor:—In looking over a file of "Bell's Messenger," an English paper, some time since, I was struck with the following significant fact, which I found in its columns. It is of value as a proof of the progress of correct opinions on the subject of a Reform in the Industrial and Social organization of Society, and, coming from such a source, must have weight with all candid persons.

"Not long since a Grand Jury in South Lancashier, after performing their customary duties, feeling that something more devolved upon them, as friends of virtue and of their country, proceeded to record their solemn convictions with regard to Intemperance as a fruitful cause of crime. They had been impressed with the fact, developed in the examinations before them, that four fifths of the offences committed were traceable to drinking. They felt compelled to state further that in their opinion Intemperance can never be removed, until provisions are made for public education, till sources of rational amusement are opened to the masses and leisure for relaxation, recreation and study, are given to them. That while so much is required of the laboring classes, and so little given in return—while the hours of labor are so long, and the wages so small—drinking, the only indulgence they have, to give up, would never be relinquished."

This seems to me a common sense view of the matter, and worthy of the attention of all who would elevate the toiling millions in this country. The same causes produce the same results here, as in England. Friends of temperance, and public morality, let us unite in our efforts to destroy the roots from which the great tree of evil receives its support, and strive no longer to distroy it, by merely plucking off its leaves and branches.

* * *

"So much for Buckingham."—One of our subscribers, residing in Hanover, Mass. writes us as follows, relative to the answer of Mr. Buckingham of the Boston Courier (candidate for Senator in Middlesex,) to the questions put to him by the committee of National Reformers at Lowell:—

"The answer of Mr. Buckingham ought to be printed with gold types, and distributed over the Union in handbills. I will pay one dollar—and if a few of his friends will add a trifle to meet the expense, I hope there will be a number printed and circulated. I am a democrat in politics, but when I see sentiments advanced that will live and endure forever, let them come from whig or democrat, it does me good, and I want others to know it. I thank Mr. B. for his high-minded and loyal sentiments, and his firm and bold manner of expressing them. He is well worthy of a seat in the Senate. His answer does me more good than all the lecturers that have been prowling about the country towns for three years past."—[Daily Mail.

You a Democrat?—And ask for the sentiments of a defender of moneyed power, to be "printed with *gold types*," when these same "loyal sentiments" are reducing the working classes of this country to dependence and poverty.

To Subscribers. Will our subscribers who are in the arears recollect that our printers have backs and stomachs, and that we as yet have found no paper dealer philanthropic enough to furnish us paper gratis. As for the editor, he lives on faith and onions, as his productions indicate. But seriously, friends, were we not in urgent want, we should not say a word about money. Will you remember this and save us the disagreeable task hereafter? A word to the wisb, &c.

We received a letter from J. M. B., of Worcester, and would inform him that it is no fault of ours that the subscribers have not received their papers. S. O. has been mailed with the rest, every week; or rather S. W. O.; perhaps the middle initial does not belong to him, if not please inform us. We did not get the names of the others you spoke of until last week, which will account for the non-reception of their papers.

Will our friend W. R. of Waltham, give us the names of those who do not take their papers?

We are not able to comply with J. B. L's request to send him the back numbers, for the reason that we are entirely out of some of them—can send a part if he wishes.

We have perused the October number of the 'Mechanic's Mirror,' and find it filled with not only interesting but really useful matter. We would advise all workingmen to subscribe for this work.

We received that letter from our Waltham friend and are obliged to him for his suggestions. Will he have the goodness to send us the names of those subscribers, so as to prevent mistakes.

The editor of the Lowell Niagara, intending to speak of the Oasis as 'A Pretty Thing,' was made to call it, by the type-sticker, 'A Putty Thing.' Now, we presume some people are evil minded enough to say the *error* was *correct*. [Oasis.

Look to it, friends, that you do not allow the 'error' to become 'correct,' by suffering yourselves to be *moulded* by the capricious influences around, into a supporter, rather than a meliorator of *pancs* (pains.)

It is stated that a Yankee has taken out a patent for an improvement in the 'scales of justice.'—[Farmer and Ledger.

An 'improvement,' very much needed, and the last one that capital would wish to monopolize. But really we should like to know from what *office* this patent has been taken out.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Lowell Manufacturing Companies.—

Sins:—As you are members of Bible Societies, the sacred volume must be high authority with you. I would therefore point you to the first six verses of the fifth chapter of James. If the apostle had been an eye witness to your tyranny, fraud and deception, he could not have written anything more applicable to you than the verses above named. you are there charged, and justly, too, with keeping back by fraud the hire or wages of those who have done your work. You very well know that you do not pay your operatives in proportion to what they produce—that you do not reward them according to their work. If you did, you are well aware that you could not live in luxury and idleness, and make from fifty to a hundred per cent on your ill gotten capital, while they are compelled to work thirteen hours a day in the impure air of close bastiles, for a bare subsistence. You know that you appropriate the produce of their labor to your own use, and allow them hardly enough to keep soul and body together. You are there charged, and justly, too, with nourishing your hearts as in a day of slaughter, and with killing the just without resistence.

You crowd your operatives into corporation boarding houses, without any regard to their health and happiness, and without any accommodations adapted to the comfort and convenience of females. You have, by your infernal 'black list,' defamed and injured the characters of the operatives, after tyrannizing over and abusing them till they are compelled in self-defence to leave your employment, you then prohibit them from obtaining work at other places; which you have no right or authority to do. It is an act almost, if not quite, unparalleled in the wide range of history.

You have prevented the operatives from being party to an agreement; you have said to them these are our laws, and you must obey them, thus depriving them of their liberty, and leaving them no power to resist your tyranny. You compel your operatives to toil thirteen hours a day in your industrial prisons, exposed to the deafening hum of machinery and the deleterious effect of the cotton dust settling on their lungs, sowing the seeds of disease and death. You do not allow them sufficient time to eat their meals, thus making them liable to disease, by not having time enough to masticate their food; and by the short time allowed them they are compelled, perhaps in a state of perspiration, to run out of the heated mills into the winter air, without time to put on clothing sufficient to protect them from the inclemency of the cold, which may end in consumption and death.

By excessive toil and privation you break down the constitution of the operatives in a few years; then they have to leave the factories, with a death disease upon them. Thus you have killed or worked to death the just, and they have not resisted you. You have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter; you have boasted, through your agents, that when you worked your operatives to death, you could hire more. You are worthy members of Bible Societies; indeed, you deserve leather medals, as large as leather aprons, for your christian conduct.

But there is another side to this picture. You are told in the same verses that the cries of them which have done your work are entered into the ears of the Lord; that your miseries shall come upon you; that your riches are corrupted, and that your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. And now if you would escape the impending vengence of heaven, loosen your tyrannic grasp of your operatives, and treat them as human beings, and not as machines of iron and brass. Reduce their hours of labor to ten—give them suitable sleeping apartments—give them an opportunity to attend to the cultivation and improvement of their minds—give them the means to attend to the laws of nature, and the preservation of their health, and reward them according to their work. If you refuse to grant them this, rest assured that the day of retribution is at hand, and that you will soon be compelled to comply with their demands, beneath a withering blast of public indignation poured upon your guilty heads.

There is a point in human suffering when endurance is no longer a virtue; and that point is near at hand with the operatives. And you may rest assured that the Industrial Reform movement is destined to revolutionize the world. It is upward and onward, in its course; and nothing can arrest it in its glorious career, until every vestage of tyranny and oppression is banished from the earth.

John Case.

Danville, Pa., Oct. 11, 1846.

Fort-Hill, Lowell, Nov. 8th, 1846.

Dear Mr. Voice:—I see you have printed the letter I wrote to you, a short time ago; and now I am going to write another. It seemed queer at first to think you should take so much notice of me as to print my childish sayings; when there are so many, who know so much, and can write so well about things all over the country, and who do so much good by telling of the wicked things done by people who enrich themselves, by making the poor work so many hours in the day, and then not pay them half they earn. But I have a story to tell you Mr. Voice—it is a sad one—it is about a young girl who came to work in the mills; her mother was dead, and her father used to drink strong drinks which made him cross; and then he treated her ill, and folks thought she had better go and work in the factory; and she did. When she went in, her cheeks were red as roses, and her eyes bright and beautiful, and she would laugh and romp like a little mad thing. I used to follow her sometimes on the "hill side;" for it used to make me feel glad, to see her so very happy. She had not worked there but a short time when she left the Mill looking very pale; and she coughed dreadfully. I used to see her every little while, and she kept growing poorer and weaker, and at last I missed her altogether. Then I used to finger near the house where she lived, and listen to hear some sound that would tell me she was there; for I loved the little girl that was so good and kind, and knew she would soon be an Angel, in Heaven. One day, they lifted her up to the window, where I could see her, it made me weep to look at her, for though she smiled as sweetly as ever, I knew she was dying. I thought she was praying, to, for she clasped her little thin hands, and turned her eyes toward Heaven—her lips moved—then there came a strange look across her face—she didn't move again. They took her away and I knew I should never see her more. In two days after, they buried her in the cemetery, near "my home;" and after they had all gone, I went and gathered some of the flowers I knew she loved best, and laid them on her grave, and as fast as they wilt I get fresh ones for I love to do it, Mr. Voice, altho' it makes me feel sorrowful; and I think she would thank me, if she could. There are a great many who die just as she died; and I wish the folks would not make the girls work so long in the factories; for I think that is the reason why so many die! Perhaps Mr. Voice, you can convince the rich folks, that it is not right to oppress the poor; if you can I think it will make you feel happy. But I must say good bye for the present.

Your little friend,

THE CHIDD OF THE HILLS.

Short Sermons, without a 'Patent.'

No. 2.

My, Hearers:—I am surprised, and pained, at the frivolity, and depraved taste, which most of you display, with regard to the coverings and ornaments of your persons;—surprised that beings made in the image of God, and bearing the mighty seal of intellectual power, should so far debase and [illegible] selves, as to use every means in their power, to mar and deface that beautiful image, and destroy that gift, which might raise them to a state little inferior to that of the Angels; and pained, to see the tendency to dress and dissipation, increasing at a rate, which threatens in a few years, to crush the body under a load of bustles, stays, paints, gewgaws, and fancy-trappings, with which the youth of both sexes, seem in the habit of adorning (?) themselves, and sink the mind in the lowest depths of sensuality, and vice.

Most of you, my fair hearers, were originally gifted by Nature, with lovely forms, blooming, healthful cheeks, sparkling eyes, and intellectual powers, to which even the lords of creation would bend the knee in admiration, and which were calculated to retain them as your dutiful subjects. Did not Nature do her work well! Have you discovered any of *her* defects in your physical or spiritual organization, which you are so foolish as to imagine your unpracticed hands can remedy? Or have you with characteristic, "Yankee ingenuity," discovered that you can make some patent improvements on the handi-work of the Almighty? Can the colors of Dr. Gourraud," or any other quack, paint your cheeks with brighter hues, than the free air of the hills, or the first beams of the morning? Do you think that a bag of cotton, or sawdust, though it is an addition to your *weight*, will likewise add to your beauty? Does it set off your fair complexions to better advantage, to cover them with cosmetics, or the inventions of man? In short, are you sunk so low in the scale of humanity, as to suffer yourselves to become the mere toys, and playthings of fashion, liable to be thrown aside and neglected, when age, and wrinkles come upon you; and is your love of admiration satisfied with the praises of the ignorant, and vicious, in preference to the fellowship of the wise, and virtuous, and the approval of your own hearts? For the honor of woman, I trust these things are not so.

Young men! you are guilty in a great measure of the follies and extravagances of the opposite sex, and to your charge will be laid the sin of aiding and abetting, in the disfigurement of the fairest portion of the human race. So long as you express by your conduct, that you prefer outward show, to inward worth and purity; so long will vanity and vice, occupy the place of worth and excellence. So long as rioting and dissipation are the chief employments of man, so long will woman be the slave of his caprices, and passions; a mere automaton in the hands of her exhibitor. But when virtue, justice, and long

exiled Honor, resume their sway over your hearts, and regulate your actions, then will woman cast off the shackles of fashion, and tyrannical custom, and become what (in the opinion of your elder,) she was originally designed to be, viz: the equal, friend and helper of man, and a beacon to light him on to happiness, and Heaven.

You are many of you engaged in the great reform movements of the present age, and are anxious to "turn and overturn" evil in every shape; but will it not be well to commence with charity, at home, and leave the faults of others till you may attack them, nor meet with the rebuke:—'Physician heal thyself!' Amen. BLANK.

MR. EDITOR:—It becomes necessary at the present time, to announce to your readers a great and alarming infringement of human rights. In Manchester, last week, a pedler (legalized by the State,) went into a house on the Amoskeag, Cor., to carry a dress pattern which he had promised but a few hours before. The agent of that Corporation, seeing him go in pursued, and went in after him; he immediately gave orders for him to depart—told him he did not allow any one to sell goods on his corporation. The pedler knowing he was acting lawfully, and not infringing upon the agent's rights, quickly refused; when the agent called the assistance of two men, digging at the door, and thrust him into the street, and his goods after him, (after injuring his physical system to some extent.) Another pedler went into the same house last week with some shoes. The mistress of the family, said she wanted a pair of gaiter boots, and must have a pair before the week ended. he had a pair that suited to a charm; but she dare not take them, for fear of the agent; so he left her to obey the rules of the God of corporation. Now reader pause—think!—'Where are we? what sort of a place do we inhabit?' from what country, or among what people shall such infringements of common rights be tolerated? Who but framers of aristocratic organizations, the founders of corporated monopoly, would have dared to enforce such restrictions upon tenants? Who but the Archfiend of darkness, could have laid the foundation of combinations so tyrannical—so monopolizing and destructive to the poor men's rights. LIBERTAD.

Manchester, Nov. 11, 1846.

For want of room, we are obliged to omit the remainder of the above communication. But the fact speaks for itself without any embellishments.

FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

For the Voice.

The Angels' Serenade.

BY LOUIS STRACK.

Mother, on the silent night—
Hark!—what music sweet, is stealing,
Mother, oh that sweet pealing,
Fills my heart with new delight.

Child, I hear no strain, no song,
Greeting thee, thou poor sick maiden!
None cheer now, the sorrow-laden;
Sleep Forsaken—softly on—

Mother, ah no earthly swell
Calmly on mine ear is falling—
Angels hence your child are calling,
Dearest mother, fare thee well!

For the Voice.

The False One.

Despair ever broods on the ruins of hope—
Sweet incense to him, is her ashes and smoke;
The bands of affection are seared where they grew—
Hope ever has fled with "love's lasting adieu."

The fire of a demon enkindles thine eye!
I gaze on it now, without breathing a sigh,
As a dream gleams the past, both painful and true,
Hope ever has fled with "love's lasting adieu."

I loved, cherished thee fondly, loved thee too well,
And madly my heart was enchanted by thy spell—
Thou hast broken it now—no longer I sue:
Hope ever has fled with "love's lasting adieu."

Thy smile is far colder than moonbeams on snow,
And cold words are spoken, that freeze as they flow;
They powerless fall, on one sworn to be true;
Hope ever has fled with "love's lasting adieu."

The roses of life, thou hast encircled with thorns,
The past and the future, seem teeming with storms,
While memory weeping, but whispers 'its true;'
Hope ever will flee with 'love's lasting adieu."

With myrtle boughs blooming, for Venus appears;
The Cyprus soon follows besprinkled with tears,
Declaring "for pleasure some penance is due;"
Hope ever will flee with "love's lasting adieu."

Great Falls, 1846. JANE.

The Influence of Woman.

How beautiful, how diffuse, how ennobling the influence of woman! in whose precepts and examples we recognize the barrier between man and his consuming, terrible passions. In her chaste and retiring modesty, in her compassionating sympathy; we see the potent agent that has been fast bringing up before the relenting and repenting mind of man the atrocity of deeds perpetrated under the sanction of feelings natural to himself, demoralizing in their every tendency, deteriorating in their continuance, and incessant in their committal; until turning, he beheld pitying woman in the tender loveliness of her nature, stooping to raise from earth his fellow-man, the victim of his ever-pursuing and insatiate tyranny—or listened to her plaintive voice; as with flowing tresses and outstretched hand, her blue eye suffused with the persuasive tear, she mourned his rashness, and sought to woo him back to fidelity and peace. A more ennobling effort to the object and agent—a loftier aim, and a happier consummation, man boasts not of; and yet those there are who tell us she is weak! Ah, though thus they speak, they feel it not! No: if not acknowledged, her influence is felt as widely as the ennobling effects of civilization have been scattered—as far as holy religion has extended her refining, her beautifying sway. Infancy stretches its rosy arms, and lifts its feeble voice in supplication to her; youth recognizes her plastic hand in the moulding of his character; and man sees and acknowledges in her his best, his most devoted friend. What though she is not able to compete with man in animal strength, does that lessen her power or influence in controlling his tendencies? Was it by physical strength that Washington placed upon the pinnacle of fame his blazing name? Was it physical power that ennabled Franklin to rob the thunder-cloud, and entwine in one resplendent wreath around his name its scathing lightnings? Was it by such strength Henry held captured a nation while he rang the knell of British tyranny? No: it was by strength of head and heart; and by the man who is conversant with the maxims and translations of France's Joan, Russia's Catharine, England's Elizabeth, Sweden's Christiana, and Spain's Isabella—by that man, to his honor, to the right and glory of woman, these qualities are acknowledged to be as much hers as his, to live, to burn as brightly, as vividly, in her breast, on her head, as in his. But, fair one, thy sphere is the social circle—thy object the culture of youth. To implant truth, heroism, patriotism, the love of high and noble deeds, thy appropriate action.

Is a boy thy charge? Then press forward—let a mother's love beige and animate thee for the strife. Thou hast a high, a holy duty to perform. His country's glory, or his country's shame, be his destiny. No middle track, no conservative course be his—'tis thine to make or ruin—then bid him hang his name in the temple where passing generations should gaze upon it with admiring eyes; be *it* the watchword when the patriot shall strike from his country her fetters; be *it* that around which freemen shall rally to offer their heart's blood a sacrifice upon their country's altar; or by the light of which the astronomer shall wend his way through the starry aziles—the geologist delve to the hidden recesses of earth. Be this thy task—be this thy success—a mother's pride, a mother's reciprocated love, thy reward—when ministering angels shall attend, to bear thee to that land from whence no traveller returneth.—[Saturday Courier.

We are often told that if operatives had more leisure time, they would give themselves over to all manner of wickedness and degradation. This is said, too, by house keepers; persons of all others the most to be pitied, if the statements they make are true. No mother would be willing to place her dear child in a position so unsafe as would be hers in case we deserved the character some of them seem disposed to give us. If the young man and woman who are employed in our mills, are only waiting for time to commit depredations, then are house keepers and their children indeed in danger. Shut in with them in the same fold, they know not at what hour the wolves may fall upon them. Believing, as they profess to, that it requires only to be employed in some kind of labor to change the young man of talent and worth to a reckless villain, safe only within the walls of yonder factory, how can they allow their daughters to live in such a perilous condition, in danger every moment of falling a prey to the destroyer? All agree that the influence of woman is powerful. Then if we, females are what they represent us to be, no wonder that they should dread the time when we should have a cessation from toil. We lament that there are so many sad examples of the depravity of the human heart; yet we believe that our laboring men and laboring women are as free from vicious habits as are the sons and daughters of our agents and house keepers. We believe that these illustrious persons are able to 'take care of themselves;' and we believe, too, that we are capable of disposing of two hours in a day, without the direction of a corporation menial, who for a scanty living would dare to slander the names of the very persons who furnished them with employment. House keepers tell us that they come to the manufacturing city that they may educate their sons and daughters. We grant it is a good object; but why are they so unwilling that we should have time to add to our little stock of knowledge? America is said to be the 'home of the brave;' and yet there are in our midst those who can look coolly on, and see woman toiling fourteen hours out of twenty-four, for a small pittance; selling her physical and intellectual powers for something that is not even the shadow of an equivalent.

We are glad that so many young men are already awake to this great enterprise. It remains with the 'young men' to say how long we shall be in bondage to the present system of labor; or will they abandon the field and leave us to the tender mercy of him who never earned his food by the sweat of his brow? I know they will not. The blood of the revolution has not yet been washed from the hearts of our fathers and brothers. We look upon Labor Reform as that which tends to the elevation of our race in general, and to the improvement of the condition of woman in particular. The language of this heavenly messenger is, 'Give to woman time for intellectual improvement, that she may be prepared to fulfil her mission.' Here it is to train the infant mind—then if we would have a good government, we must have intelligent mothers. W.

To the Labor Reform Association in Manchester.

SISTER OPERATIVES:—When I last addressed you I was in the "city of spindles." I engaged in the mill for a few short months, but the fatigue and ruinous system of labor to which I was subjected, brought on disease and depression of spirits, and I was obliged to resort to employment less laborious; I soon became sick and discouraged by the long and tedious hours of labor. I had an ignorant, tyrannical and overbearing overseer to contend with, who, like many others, pretended to bear the appellation of a christian, but was apparently devoid of sympathy, humanity, and every other fine feeling.

Perhaps a few facts which have occurred to my notice during my visits to manufacturing villages, may be interesting. I found many engaged in Labor Reform—free in expressing their feelings—manifesting an interest whenever the subject was introduced. They complained bitterly of the hours; and said one, 'we are shut up from half past four to half past seven—deprived of all rights and privileges—divested of every thing which contributed to health and happiness; and how can we be happy?' "But," continued she, "I am an orphan, alone in the world, and am obliged to remain in this den of slavery."

I have met with some who never heard of Labor Reform, and would appear embarrassed, and tremblingly ask the meaning, and while giving an explanation—an endeavor to to enlighten their darkened understandings—they would attentively listen with wonder and astonishment.

On asking one if she would not join the Association—"Oh," said she, "I belong to no religious society, and never attend class meetings of any kind." Some would ridicule, censure and oppose me, and ask what necessity there could be in establishing the "ten hour system;" and why cannot they see? Why are they so cosy and contented? It is ignorance; and this ignorance is caused by the present system of labor.

A person possessing one spark of intelligence, will not hesitate in saying there is need of reformation. I could relate more facts but time will not permit. Already have I mentioned enough to make the heart of adamant weep if rightly reflected upon, and will it not arouse the public spirit, and philanthropic heart to action? Will they not awaken to their rights, on witnessing misery and degradation, and daily seeing friends hastening to a premature grave, deprived of all true happiness? I rejoice and thank God for the efforts which have been made, and the good which has been accomplished, and trust that the aristocrat and uninlightened, who have so long opposed us, will soon be led to see the numerous existing evils of society.

Sisters, you who labor from twelve to fourteen hours per day in the unhealthy heated factory—who suffer oppression, will you not arouse to action, and strive more ambitiously to reorganize society? Do not be discouraged at any obstacle which may be placed to frustrate your plans, but take courage; and let your motto be Onward! Onward! until you see all ready and willing to join in the great and mighty work of National Reform; and may the fruits of your labor be rewarded by the hand of Omnipotent power.

Your friend, E. S.

Manchester, Oct. 12, 1846.

News about Town and Country.

ACCIDENT.—A severe accident occurred this morning at P. O. Richmond's batting mills, in this city. A man named Sullivan was caught in a band and carried several times over the main shaft. His knee was very badly fractured and his arm torn so badly that amputation had to be performed. The operation was performed by Dr. J. W. Graves, assisted by Dr. Huntington. The man is apparently doing well, though the amount of injury internally is not known.—[Courier.

We attended the Pic-Nic, given by Mr. A. R. Trowbridge's class on Tuesday Evening. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was a goodly number present. All seemed determined to have a good time; and if smiling faces, good music, and a plenty of the good things of this earth to satisfy the inner man, was any indication of their success, we think they did not fall short of their intentions, but all had a good time.

A WORKINGMAN'S OPINION OF THE TARIFF. 'Fellow citizens, the Tariff benefits you and me—we who work for a living, more than the capitalists.'—[Homer Bartlett's speech at the Whig caucus, Saturday night.

Our subscribers at Manchester N. H., who have taken their papers at D. P. Perkin's Book-store, will hereafter find them at the Post Office.

NEW YORK ELECTION—has resulted in the choice of Young (Whig) by about 8,000 majority. All branches of the Legislature are Whig.

Young's election was secured by the co-operation of the Anti Renters.

'Mike Walsh in Office.'

We learn from New York papers that Mike Walsh is elected to the House of Assembly. We also learn from the same source that on the evening of election much excitement prevailed in the city from a rumor that Mike had been poisoned by some of his enemies.

The following is all that we are able to give in relation to the matter, at this time.

RUMORED DEATH OF MICHAEL WALSH.—There is a rumor afloat at 12 o'clock that Michael Walsh is dead, and that his death was caused by poison.

P. S.—Since writing the above we learn that the following laconic notice is posted on the "Subterranean Bulletin:"

"Mike Walsh is not dead. His enemies need not crow."—[Eve. Tribune.

DANGEROUSLY ILL.—We are sorry to learn that Mike Walsh is very sick. We have heard poison mentioned as the cause, but no particulars.—[Eve Mirror.

MIKE IS MUCH BETTER!—Quiet and caution is now all that is required to put him entirely out of danger. We would say to his friends, do not go to his house. We will give every information at the office in regard to his situation, but do not go to his dwelling. no can do no good, and his physicians say he must have quiet to restore him. In due time the whole cause of his sickness will come out, and some startling facts made known of a determination to kill him physically, when it was found that he could not be killed politically. To his friends in and out of the city we say, we believe Mike is out of danger. —[Subterranean—Second Edition.

Mr. Timothy Pearsons continues at his old stand in Wentworth's Building, where he will be happy to wait on all such as will give him a call. We would advise those who wish a daguerreotype likeness of themselves to call and examine the specimens at his rooms before having them taken elsewhere. They do say he can get a better "tetotal" likeness than any other man. Walk up ladies and gentlemen, if you want correct pictures of your phizes.

A LITTLE TOO BAD. A gentleman of Albany recently married a woman reputed to be rich, who turned out to be poor, and some seven hundred dollars in debt, which debt he had to liquidate! She assured him, however that the debt was contracted for dry goods, which she had bought to captivate him.

A SINGULAR LEGACY. An individual has bequeathed to the Presbyterian church in Hagerstown, Penn., an annual sum of $800, on the express condition that they will sing only the Psalms of David. Any infraction of which annuls the pension.

AFFECTATIONS AT THE OPERA. A Boston paper shrewdly remarks, that "it is astonishing that people who are so far-sighted as to amass fortunes by selling beef and crockery should be so near-sighted as to require opera glasses."

The late gales at the South have done immense damage. Key West is very nearly destroyed, and the losses on the sugar and coffee plantations in Cuba, will amount it is thought to some millions.

Gallignani's Messenger relates an amusing case of an old woman for whom an expert manufacturer inserted a glass eye in lieu of one she had lost. He had to summon her before the Judge de Paix, when her plea was that the eye was good for nothing, as she could not see with it.

In England the great topic of interest and remark, is the present state of Ireland, which is the scene of famine riots, not produced so much by absolute want, as by a disposition on the part of the unruly to take advantage of the prevailing distress for the furtherance of their own nefarious objects. Riots and loss of life are the constant results.

Ireland is not the only portion of the Queen's realms invaded by famine. In the Highlands of Scotland immense destitution exists, and there, as in Ireland, the poor have been reduced to the sad extremity of existing without the potato.

The Montpensier marriage is consummated. The great object of Louis Philippe's ambition is gratified—a French prince stands, on the footsteps of the Spanish throne.

The fears of impending famine, and the state of the grain markets, not only in England but in the neighboring countries, have produced a feeling in favor of throwing open the ports to the admission, duty free, of every description of provision.

Free Trade principles are making more rapid progress than ever, in Europe. A French writer says:

Whatever may be the opinions of your American readers with respect to free-trade, it is certain that they have reason to pray for its adoption in this country; for it is believed that the abolition of the duty on the importation of American cotton, which at present produces between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000 francs, would cause a vast increase in the consumption.

The price of corn is higher in Belgium than in either France or England.

A Free-trade Association, has been lately established here.

Mr. Bancroft and Lady have arrived in London.

☞ Miss Catharine Wilson is an authorized agent for the Voice of Industry. All money received and receipted by her will be acknowledged.

☞ Miss Hannah C. Tarlton, is agent for the Voice, at Milford N. H.

☞ Mr. Haskell French is appointed Agent for the Voice in Lowell and vicinity, and is authorized to receipt for monies received.

NOTICES.

☞ The WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION Division No. 1, meets at No. 5 Boylston Hall, Boston, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WM. J. KAULBACK, Sec'y.

The Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No 4, (Lynn,) holds its meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings, on Pearl, opposite High street.

RICHARD A. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 9, holds its meetings on Monday evenings, at No. 3, Boylston Hall, Boston. JOSEPH CAREW, Sec'y.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS, my Wife, ANN HOLT, has left my bed and board without any just cause, this notice is to forbid all persons from trusting her on my account from and after this date.

EDWARD HOLT.

Lowell, Nov. 9, 1846.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

J. L. DOTY is adding a prime assortment of Books and Stationary to his stock of Books and Stationary, all of which he will sell as low as the lowest, at No. 4 Central Building.

Nashville, Oct. 2, 1846. 3t22.

G. E. Cheever,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER.

A splendid assortment of rich Jewelry and Fancy Goods very cheap at 112 Merrimack street.—Watches, clocks and Jewelry of every description repaired in the best manner and warranted. Next the Telegraph office.

Lowell, Oct. 2, 1846. n16.

PRIVATE LESSONS.

THE subscriber has taken a room (No. 7, second floor) in the Bank Building, where he will give instruction in WRITING, Drawing, Book-Keeping, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Composition, and other studies, if desired; for the accommodation of those who cannot attend his Evening School.

Open every day except Saturday, from 9 to 12, A. M., and from 2 to 5, P. M. Call and see.

D. H. JAQUES.

N. B. JAQUES' & Mc COY'S Evening School, is now open, at Anti-Slavery Hall, 36 Central street, (clearly opposite the Post Office.) Instructions given in Writing, Book-Keeping, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Composition, Phonography, and various other studies. oct30 3m.

NEWS FROM THE ARMY

WE have not received, but we have received this morning, from NEW YORK and BOSTON,

15 *Cases of New, Rich and Fashionable*

FALL GOODS,

to which we invite the attention of the public,

The above comprise magnificent selections of

NEW SILK SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS, DRESS GOODS, DOMESTICS &c. &c.

the whole of which will be offered at unprecedented bargains.

The following items will convey a slight idea of the many advantages accruing to purchasers at this establishment:—

50 pc. Col'd Alpaccas 2s 6d per yd, worth, 62; 50 pc. Bl'k Alpaca, Pure Silk Warp, 45c., worth 75; 2 Cases Very Rich Calicoes, English Styles, 9d, worth 20c; 1 Case very excellent styles, 4c, worth 6 1-4; 1 Case very excellent Patches, 5c, worth 8; 6 bales Flannels, (White and Red) 1s, worth ,25; Delaines, 1s, worth 25; 1 Case French Thibets, 58 6d, worth 1,25; Cases Lining Cambrics, best quality, 8c, worth ,10.

Thousands of other Bargains equally desirable and equally astounding.

On opening our splendid Establishment, we claimed the first position in the city. This position has been awarded us by the indisputable verdict of public opinion. We have already been compelled by the press of Public Patronage, to enlarge our borders—and unbolted and encouraged by the unquestionable approval of popular favor, all our energies will be concentrated to the maintenance of the high character which

'THE GREAT CORNER STORE'

has attained, as emphatically 'The Mart for the Million!'

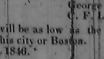
One of the firm constantly attends the Boston Auctions, and our system of business is so perfectly organized as to enable us to submit to our fair patronesses *All the novelties of the day*, much in advance of 'The Trade' —and leave miles in the rear all possible rivalry.

The Great Corner Store, Corner of Merrimack and Kirk Streets:

PEABODY, HARRIS & DUDLEY,
Proprietors.

Lowell. 20tf.

REMOVAL.



DR. S. F. GLADWIN would inform his patrons, and all other persons who may be in want of the services of a Dentist, that he has removed his office to his residence, No. 96, Merrimack street, one door west of D. Fay's confectionary, where he will be happy to wait upon all who may have occasion for his professional aid, at all hours of the day and evening.

The length of Dr. Gladwin's residence in Lowell, and the large amount of his business in past years, render it unnecessary for him to resort to the common practice of puffing. He would therefore, merely state that he is prepared to perform all operations upon the Teeth in the latest and most approved manner. All materials which he uses are warranted to be of the best quality, and the work to be equal to that of any other Dentist. He will insert single teeth, or any required number, either on pivot or the gold plate.

Dr. G. will insert whole sets of teeth—either with or without artificial gums—which he will warrant to be retained by

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE ALONE,

without either clasps or springs, and to answer all purposes of Mastication.

Any responsible person, who may require it, will be allowed sufficient time to test the quality of the work, and the accuracy of the fit before payment will be required.

Dr. Gladwin is permitted to refer such as may desire information in regard to his qualifications as a Dentist, to the following persons, who have worn whole sets of Teeth inserted by him, and nearly all retained by atmospheric pressure alone, from one to three years.

Miss S. Wood,	Mrs. C Marsh,
" C. E. Jones,	" E. Pratt,
" H. Graham,	" E. M. Gardner,
" C. Adams,	" Elizabeth Hill,
" W. Williams,	" John Ayer,
" C. Clark,	" M. Andrews,
" H. H. Waters,	Dr. D. Mowe,
Mrs. T. Andrews,	William Noble,
" S. W. Baker,	James Hull,
" T. Sanborn,	George Walker,
" M. Hodgdon,	C. F. Leighton,

Prices for work will be as low as the prices of any regular Dentist in this city or Boston.

Lowell, Aug. 21, 1846.

From the Investigator.

Land Monopoly.

We have been some time turning our attention to this important subject, and are now prepared to enter upon it with some considerable feeling, zest, and energy. We have come to the full conviction of the truth of the following proposition. That the possession of more land than is necessary to support a family in food, raiment, and a few contingent expenses, until the children shall be old enough to marry and provide for themselves, is a violation of one of the natural laws of human society, and that efforts ought to be immediately made to impress this conviction on the mind of universal society. The reasons by which it is sustained are, that the earth is not made by man—it is that out of which by labor is produced all the support and comforts of life—every man who has not another calling must till it for his support; if he had another calling, the possession and occupancy would make him feel independent, relieve him from poverty and want, and thus far secure his virtue and usefulness; the cultivation of the earth, and of a small farm, with our own hands, would become honorable and delightful—non-producers would be- [illegible] ed; far less time would be required in labor; far more would be allowed for the improvement of the mind, and innocent relaxation; the vices and sins of society, to use an ecclesiastical phrase, would be diminished and al- [illegible] pride, vanity, selfishness—it would produce a more vigorous as well a independent stock upon which to rear the energies of future generations; it would prevent the concentrated, overwhelming, and vicious population of cities from swelling beyond all bounds in proportion to the wants of the country; it would prevent the cumulation of aristocratic power; and lastly, it would make a band of the most devoted patriots that ever rallied to defend their country. We should not have time in a single article to sustain each of these positions, nor do we intend it, nor is it necessary. They are facts which are level to the comprehension of every man of ordinary capacity, because it is throwing open merely the map of life, and leaving it to be filled up by the beings that compose it.

It would be necessary, in order that this system of things should be carried into effect, that all the land should at once become common stock, owned by the nation, not to sell or tax, but watch over and defend. It must be apportionable, never sold. Say that it be divided into sections of from twenty-five to one hundred acres, according to the richness or poverty of the soil. The more amiable, excellent and virtuous among the sons and daughters, shall inherit the homestead; the rest, if they cannot be supported, must move off, at a certain age, to the section assigned them. When there remains no occupant of any section, it must be declared vacant, and fall in occupancy to the nearest couple that want land; the house remaining, and the furniture alone subject to removal or sale. As all the land was taken up, the line of civilization would be extended over the uncultivated regions. Cities would be confined to certain limits, or if required to be extended, such extension upon the sections would be remunerated for their loss—land never owned, bought, or sold—it being penal ever to own, buy, or sell. Thus an entire abandonment of the idea of property in land; leaving it ever open in possession or occupancy, we should have earth on which to live, each be free and independent. We need not advert to the difficulties in the way, because there are difficulties in every thing; nor need we turn away because the thing is ideal, and as the world now is, cannot be effected. The most insuperable difficulties have, in the course of human events, been obviated, and those measures which, on a forecast of centuries, have been declared impossible, have been brought about without scarcely any effort or bloodshed.

Let us speculate. Suppose the position we have assumed, be taken up by some of the master spirits of the age, and it be insisted on that is a natural right that every man should possess enough of land to supply his wants; that land ought not to be bought or sold; that it is as much a sin, shame, crime, to hold in possession enough land to support a thousand families, as wilfully to deprive a thousand families of support; and let these sentiments be taken up and propagated with zeal during half a century—then let legislators pass a law that the homestead and seventy-five acres, of which the house is the centre of a square, shall never be bought or sold, and remain in the family until, in the regular line of succession, it move off or become extinct. What would be the consequence?—Why, in two hundred years, the whole country would be cut up into sections of seventy-five acres each, and comfortable habitations erected thereon. As society now is, it is but one uninterrupted mass of pride, vanity, and sloth on the one side, and on the other, of avarice, fear, dread, and ceaseless toil. It is emphatically the case. Whether it will ever be bettered in its condition, remains for future generations alone to know. For our own part, if science and general intelligence prevail, we are fully persuaded that in a few centuries this grand division in individual possession of the earth's surface will take place.

That we may meet the superstition, we would observe that the monopoly of land was one of the crying sins of the Jews, for which they were denounced by Jehovah himself:—"Wo unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till their be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!" (Isaiah v., 8.) Taking this as our text, we shall conclude this article with a short sermon:—

Brother Infidels and fellow Citizens!—Although we believe that the Bible is merely the device of man, the cumulation of past ages of ignorance and misguided piety, yet there are many important instructions in regard to morality, virtue, and vice, contained in its pages. Among these is the language of our text. The Prophet Isaiah introduces the Jewish God of the Bible as reproving the excesses of the age, and there are no small number of woes poured forth. Our text is evidently a wo against monopolizing landlords, or house owners and land monopolists. "*They add house to house, and field to field, till there is no place*" for the poor man, and it is, "*that they may dwell alone*" in the centre [illegible] their offence, needs no further comment.

Now by attending to the wo denounced, we may judge of the nature and extent of the crime, in the estimation of the Prophet and his God. On account of it, he says that "the [illegible] men famished, that hell has enlarged herself and opened itself wide without measure." What a figure! The literal meaning is, that vast multitudes shall suffer death at the hand of God. What could demonstrate more fully the heinousness of the sin of land monopoly? And yet many Christian men, and Infidels too, do not hesitate to buy farm after farm, field after field, that they may be rich and great. My friends, regard them as they ought to be regarded; the slaves of pride avarice, cruelty, seizing the earth, the common property of us all, and thus depriving the poor but honest man who wishes to provide for himself, not be a slave to another, of a portion of earth to till, and have its fruits and the avails of his labor for himself, his wife and children; and do not you commit this great sin and become obnoxious to this bitter curse. Think not that after spending a whole life in securing houses and landed estates, that you can escape by giving a 100,000 to a corporation or profession. No! no! no! This will not feed the poor and redeem the wretchedness in parents, widows, and orphans—this will not change the habits, nature, and material formation of your soul, all festering and corrupt, or hardened as the nether millstone! Be wise then—do good all along, help the poor, consider the trials of the young man and young woman just started in life—relieve the aged—die with a clean conscience.

THE MEXICAN WAR.—It might be well for those ardent Protestant Christians who look with so much satisfaction to the probable conquest of Mexico, to reflect on the consequences of such a conquest. Would it be so very desirable to add a population of eight millions or more, almost all Catholics, to the number already in this country? We are told now, from the Protestant pulpits, on every Sabbath day, that the institutions of this country are in imminent danger from Catholic ascendancy. Would that danger be diminished by annexing eight millions more Catholics, and giving them, as we necessarily must, all the rights of American citizens? Surely, if the apprehensions be sincerely felt, we should hear the voice of warning and remonstrance from every pulpit in the land, against this iniquitous war, instead of prayers for *blessings* on our army, such as we heard last Sabbath.—[Spirit of Liberty.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not a mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotions of the breast, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when the tears are gushing forth in chrystal fountains. O, speak not harshly of the stricken one, weeping in silence! Break not the solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footstep. Despise not woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not that the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an actual pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live:—and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.—[Dr. Johnson.

A POOR WOMAN'S ELOQUENCE.—The other day we heard a poor Irish woman describing her love of children. She never tired of tending them, she said, and whenever she heard one cry, "*her heart cried with it.*" There is infinitely more real poetry in this simple idea, than in half the verses sent to us for publication.—[London Times.

Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble acts of forbearance—with handsful of flowers in green daisy meadows—with birds' nests admired but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass bee-hives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed, with sweet and kinkly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself.

THE POOR!—We shall soon have cold days and colder nights. What is the situation of the poor in your neighborhood? Have they sufficient to eat, to wear and to burn? Attend to this duty now, before the days of suffering come. Look up old clothes and scatter them about. Distribute your "wood piles" and your flour. Happy are they who remember the poor!

"Why mother, almost every word in John's letter is spelt wrong. You'd not have me marry such a man, surely?" [illegible] *spell in the place where he lives. There are different fashions in spelling as well as in other things.*"

THE NEGRO'S IDEA OF THE LOWELL MAG- [illegible] the other day to hear the comments of a couple of country negroes, who were waiting for the Woburn train at the Winter Hill depot.

'Look a here, Jake, what you call dem ar?'

'*What* ar?'

'Dem ar I is pintin' to.'

'What, dem ar *posts?*'

'Yes, nigga, dem ar posts.'

'What, (scratching his head) dem ar posts, wid de glass—'

'Yes, de same identical.'

'You sees dem ar harrizantal wires? Well, de posts support de wires.'

'Gosh! it takes you, nigga!'

'But what's de wires for?'

'De wires?' said the other, completely at fault for a moment, but suddenly lighting up with intelligence: 'De wires is *to keep de posts up!*'[—Boston Bee.

Some one has defined the word 'policy' to consist in serving God in a manner not to offend Satan.

"I'll take your measure," as the tailor said when he stole his neighbor's half bushel.

"TOO DARNED STILL."—We once asked a Yankee, who had "peddled" out west, how he liked the Prairies.

"Why," said he, "they are the grandest *pasters* that you ever see, but they are *too darned still.* I *ollers* like to be where there's some kind of a *racket.*"

A lame gentleman, says Ephraim, always stops before he enters his house, because he halts in his *gait.*

A very pretty woman, who was tediously loquacious, complained one day to Madame de Sevigne, that she was sadly tormented by her lovers. "Oh, madam," said the authoress, with a smile, "it is very easy to get rid of them—you have only to speak."

A young tyro in declamation in a neighboring seminary, who had been told by his teacher that he must gesture according to the sense,

"The comet lifts its fiery tail."

lifted his coat to a horizontal position.

A soldier just returned from the camp on the Rio Grande, furnishes the following as the manner in which a Dutchman who was on sentry duty, proclaimed the hour. The usual cry is "half past ten o'clock, and all's well." The Dutchman had forgotton the precise words, and sung out at the top of his voice—"More as den o'clock, and all ish better as good."

A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness, was addressed by the President:—"Prisoner you have been prosecuted for habitual drunkenness, what have you to plead in your defence?" "Nothing, please your honor, but an habitual thirst."

A wag one day asked his friend, "How many knaves do you suppose are in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself!" replied the other, in a heat, "do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," said the first, 'how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

It's just as easy for a man to crack a nut of comfort now and then, as it is to gnaw the pebbles of disappointment all the time.

A press maker in Philadelphia is building a printing machine entirely on a new plan, and calculated to strike off from twelve to fifteen thousand impresssions per hour.

The Portland Argus says, that an agent has been in the County of Franklin, Maine, 'drumming up' girls to go to work in the Lowell factories. This agent has $1 a head for every girl he sends on. There seems to be great distress in the factories at present, but not of the kind the panic makers pretend.

It appears that the men, and the priests in New Mexico are permitted to marry not only one wife, but as many as they please. A correspondent of the government paper at St. Louis (the Union,) writing from General Kearney's Camp, Sept. 13th, describes the town of San Domingo, of which he says:

'There is at this town, quite an extensive church, to which is attached the priest's house where he keeps his wives or concubines. The priest at this place has four; two of them are quite good looking.

A SECOND SARAH.—A woman *seventy years of age,* residing in Kushkenong, Wisconsin territory, lately presented her husband with three children, two boys and a girl. They had had no children, for 20 years previous!

PRETTY PLAIN.—"Martha, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?"

"Well, I don't like to say, James."

"Pooh, nonsense! tell me right out; Martha—which do you like the best?"

"Well," said Martha, dropping her eyes, "I like U the best."

A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and [illegible] know which to die of, and so lived on.

The man who kicks the block he stumbled over, only spoils his own boots.

[illegible] OF THE

VOICE OF INDUSTRY,

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER,

ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT NO. 76, CENTRAL STREET, LOWELL, MASS.

Devoted to the abolition of Mental, Moral and Physical Servitude, in all their complicated forms and the interests of the INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

The Voice will contain a Female Department, under the immediate supervision of the LOWELL FEMALE LABOR REFORM ASSOCIATION, and be supported by contributions from the Operatives of this city and other manufacturing towns. Let no Workingman or Woman, or friend of those who "toil and spin" and produce all the wealth of the nation, fail of becoming subscribers.

☞ PRICE—$1,00 *Per Year in Advance*

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves!

WAGER & DATEN'S air-tight Cooking Stoves, with a general assortment of both new and old, Copper and Iron PUMPS, Soap Stones, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, &c.,

Cash paid for Rags, Copper, Brass, Rubber, Old Iron, &c. &c.

Setting and repairing Pumps, and all kinds of Job Work done at short notice, by F. W. & D. BANGS, opposite the Washington House, Lowell. 2tf

DR. JOHNSON,

[illegible]

OFFICE IN WENTWORTH'S BUILDING,

(*First building East of Depot.*)

GRATEFUL for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him by the citizens of Lowell and [illegible] and respectfully tender the continuance of his services in every department of DENTISTRY. Decayed Teeth filled with Pure Gold, in a perfect manner, and a restoration of the Teeth, (thus filled) to their former usefulness WARRANTED.

MINERAL TEETH, from one to an entire set, inserted in a scientific manner, and in finish and adaptation to the mouth so perfect as to warrant satisfaction; for proof of which he will refer to his work now worn in this city. Teeth cleansed and extracted with care.

N. B. The public will bear in mind that while his prices are from 25 to 50 per cent LESS than were formerly exacted, that his work is warranted equal to any performed in Lowell or elsewhere. Persons visiting this city, in need of work, will find it to their advantage to call at this office. Office hours from 8 A M to 9 P. M. 50tf

BAILEY'S LOWELL AND ESSEX CITY DAILY EXPRESS.

THIS New Line, for the accommodation of the public, will leave Lowell for Essex City, every morning, at half past 7 o'clock; and leave Essex for Lowell, at 5 o'clock P. M. Orders faithfully attended to. Bills and notes collected, and all ordinary business attended to with care and fidelity.

Mr. Bailey has convenient carriages for the conveyance of passengers to and from these places. All who are disposed to patronize him, will please leave their names at his offices, and they will be called for at their respective places of residence, and left at the places of their destination.

OFFICES—Farmer's and Mechanic's Hotel and T. J. Bailey's No. 9, Merrimac Street, Lowell, T. Osgood's No. 2, Essex City,—also, at the Tol. House in he latter place.

PEARSON'S

DAGUERREOTYPE ROOMS!

☞ Prices Reduced! ☜

THE subscriber still continues at his old stand, Wentworth's Building, Merrimack street, near the Railroad Depot, Lowell, Mass., where he may at all times be found, ready to impart his professional services to all who wish accurate likenesses.

Mr P defies all competition, having, by the instruction of the first artists in the country and a long experience in the business, produced the most accurate likeness of any establishment in the city; and he would at any time be glad of the opportunity to put his skill in competition with any other establishment here. Persons desirous of having miniatures taken, are requested to call on him, and those who call shall not go away dissatisfied, as his work is warranted, and the prices will be as low as at any other establishment, for the same kind of material used, and warranted to suit, or no charge will be made.

Pictures taken in all weathers, and Instruction, Apparatus and Stock furnished and warranted.

Lowell, 1846. 3m5

BUY WHILE YOU CAN.

JUST RECEIVED, a new style of Cameo Pins—the first ever offered in Lowell. Please call before they are gone. To be had only at

112 *Merrimack street.*

G. EDSON CHEEVER.

Lowell, Oct. 2, 1846.

DR. JAMES S. OLCOTT.

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN. Office, 3d story Wentworth's building, near the Railroad Depot.

TO THE PUBLIC. I would cordially, as I leave my practice in Lowell, recommend Dr. JAMES S. OLCOTT to my patients, patrons, and friends, and to the Thomsonian public generally, as an able physician, and as one upon whose character, both as a gentleman and scholar, they may implicitly rely. He was regarded by the New York Medical Botanic Society, and by Dr. Samuel Thomson, as highly efficient in extending both his theory and practice. I have consulted with him frequently in difficult cases, and have ever coincided with him in his judgment and advice. I hope they will give him their patronage. AARON P. HOLT,

Thomsonian Botanic Physician

Lowell, June 19th, 1846. 2tf

ABRAM FRENCH,

DEALER IN

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING, TAILOR'S TRIMMINGS, and

Gentlemen's Furnishing Articles.

At the Tailoring Establishment connected with the above, garments will be made to order, in the most fashionable style and best workmanship.

Bank Building, 78 Central street, Lowell.

MERRILL & HEYWOOD,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

DEALERS IN

Paper-Hangings, Borders, Blank-Books, &c.

Blank-Books made to order, and paper ruled to any pattern. *BOOK-BINDING* done with neatness and dispatch. No. 23 Central street, Lowell.

JOSHUA MERRILL,

47tf C. H. HEYWOOD.

WALTER BURNHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE—122 Merrimack, opposite Kirk street,

9tf Lowell, Mass.

E. B. LEWIS,

HAIR-DRESSER AND PERFUMER,

REAR OF STAGE OFFICE,

No. 9 Central st. Lowell.

GOSS & KNIGHT,

JOB CARPENTERS AND CABINET MAKERS.

☞ Shop on PRESCOTT STREET, a few rods from [illegible]

DANIEL CLARKE, M.D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at No. 82, Central, Corner of Hurd street.

Lowell, Sept. 18, 1846. a11 6m

FOSTER'S [illegible]

FOR THE HAIR.

THE MOUNTAIN COMPOUND, is a concentration of Tonics for the removal of diseases of the Skin. Its effects are powerful, and action quick and obvious in removing dandruff, and softening the hair when it is applied to the cutaneous surface of the head. The proprietor can refer to many prominent individuals in this city, whose hair has been brought out thick, where it was falling out and very thin from a diseased and weakened state of the skin.

The Mountain Compound is highly adapted to ladies' use and toilet dressing, and the inventor has sold hundreds of bottles for that purpose. The universal favor it meets with wherever it has been tried warrants it be the best article ever offered to the public. It gives the hair a richness of lustre and luxuriancy of color unprecedented, and renders the most dry and turbulant hair soft and moist several days or week from one application. Unlike many articles for the hair, it is not glutinous and sticky to leave the hair matted and stiff, as if a solution of sugar and water was put on, but on the contrary, the hair will be found soft, silky, single, and flowing, from using the Mountain Compound, and it may be curled and dressed in any form and appear perfectly natural.

None genuine hereafter unless signed on the wrapper by H. W. FOSTER, in his own hand writing; also these words are lawfully inscribed, securing copyright, and printed on the back of the wrapper near the fold—"Entered according to act of Congress, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts."

Manufactured and sold by H. W. FOSTER 65 Central Street, Lowell. Sold by Otis A. Allen, 68 Merrimac street, Carleton & Co., City Hall, I. Scribner, and at his Hair Dressing Saloon, opposite the American House, Central street, Lowell. Also by A S Russell, druggist, P O Ames, Nashua. A G Tucker, druggist, Manchester N H 47tf

To the Public.

WE, the undersigned, citizens of Lowell, have thoroughly tested Dr. H. H. DOANE'S Dental operations in every department of his profession. We have also examined parts and full sets of his Plate Teeth: we have always found his work well executed, and charges very reasonable. This we think, is sufficient evidence that confidence can be placed in him as a Dentist.

Horace Parmater,	Thomas B. Ford,
George W. Patterson,	Andrew W. Doe,
Theo. L. Hastings,	William H. Stevens,
Theophilus S. Smith,	George J. Adams,
Darius G. Meriam,	J. T. G. Leach, M. D.
Isaac Deming,	T. L. Randlett.
Ivers Taylor,	

Office open day and evening, Sundays excepted. No. 118 *Merrimack street, Lowell.* 3 ly

Important to the Ladies.

THE SUBSCRIBER, (No. 65, corner of Merrimack and John st.,) is weekly receiving from importers, both in New York and Boston, a new and beautiful assortment of Millinary Goods, as ever were offered in this city, and as cheap as can be found anywhere else.

J. T. ADAMS.

Lowell, Sept 28, 1846. n25.

WM. D. VINALL, SURGEON DENTIST.

Office, 21 Central Street.

where he continues to perform all operations on the TEETH, both for their beauty and preservation. Particular attention paid to cleansing and filling carious teeth with gold or any approved substance now in use, and hereby arresting the progress of decay, and rendering them useful for many years.

MINERAL TEETH inserted on gold plate or pivot, from a single tooth to a whole set. These are inserted as circumstances may require.

Another very important branch of Dental Science, consists in supplying upper sets of teeth on the principle of atmospheric pressure without springs.

☞ Teeth cleansed, extracted &c. Terms moderate. All operations warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

N. B. He would further say, that the most aggravating pain from decayed teeth, can in most cases be readily removed and the tooth saved. Lowell, m6tf.

DR. MOWE,

SURGEON DENTIST.

No. 82 Central, corner of Hurd street,

WISHES to inform his friends and patrons that he is located at his old stand, where he is ready at all times to receive them and administer to their wants. He has just returned from New York and Connecticut, where he has been visiting the best Dentists in the country, for the purpose of securing to himself all the improvements of the day, and establishing a correspondence with them; so that every new invention in his line will be immediately reported to him. He has also made arrangements with a Dentist from New York, who will be with him as a partner during the ensuing three months. Those who design to patronize a Dentist will do well to call here, for his work will be warranted to suit as well as any one's in this vicinity. If patients desire it, a short time will be given them to test the value of the work, before any pay will be demanded.

N B—He has prepared a remedy which never fails to cure the hardest toothache without causing any pain. If in any case it fails, when properly applied, he will make no charge. He makes this statement because many suffer with the toothache for months, dreading extracting. His remedy will cure, and the decayed tooth is rendered servicable for masticating.

Filling teeth with fine gold, inserting on pivot or gold plate, from one tooth to a full set, is done on short notice. He uses no materials but the best. Dentists sometimes being deceived in the quality of gold, he has been to Hartford and made arrangements with those that prepare it, so that he is sure of the best. His prices are well known to be more liberal than any in the vicinity.

He has fitted up his office so he can perform operations in the evening for those that desire it.